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More strong and strong her terrors rose,
Her shadow did the maid appal,
She trembled at her lovely nose,
It look'd so long against the wall.

Up to her chamber, damp and cold,
She climb'd Lord Hopper-Gollops stair,
Three stories high, long, dull, and old,
As great Lords stories often are.

All nature now appear'd to pause,
And o'er the one half world seem'd dead,
No curtain'd sleep had she, because,
She had no curtains to her bed.

Listening she lay...with iron din,
The clock struck twelve...the doc- flew
wide,

When Thomas grimly glided in;
With little bob-tail by his side.

Tall, like the poplar, was his size,
Green, green his waistcoat was as leeks,
Red, red as beet root, were his eyes,
And pale as turnips were his cheeks.

Soon as the spectre she espy'd,
The fear-struck damsel, faintly, said,
What would my Thomas? he reply'd,
O Molly Dumpling, I am dead.

All in the flower of youth, I fell,
Cut off with healthful blossom crown'd,
I was not ill, but in a well,
I tumbled backward...and was drown'd.

Four fathom deep thy love doth lie,
His faithful dog his fate did share;
We're Fiends...this is not he and I,
We are not here, for we are there.

Yes...two foul water-fiends are we
Maid of the moor, attend us now,
Thy hour's at hand...we come for thee...
The little fiend cur said...bow...wow:

To wind her in her cold, cold grave,
A Holland sheet a maiden likes,
A sheet of Water thou shalt have;
Such sheets there are in Holland dykes:

The Fiends approach...the maid did shrink,
Swift thro' the night's foul air they spin,
They took her to the green well's brink,
And with a souse they plunged her in.

So true the fair...so true the youth,
Maids to this day their story tell,
And hence the proverb rose, that truth
Lies in the bottom of a well.

THE AFFECTIONATE HEART.

BY JOSEPH COTTLE.

LET the great man, his treasures possess-
ing;
Pomp and splendour for ever attend &
I prize not the shadowy blessing,
I ask...the affectionate friend.

Tho' foibles may sometimes o'ertake him,
His footsteps from wisdom depart;
Yet, my spirit shall never forsake him,
If he own the affectionate heart.

Affection! thou soother of care,
Without thee unfriended we rove;
Thou canst make e'en the desert look fair,
And thy voice is the voice of the dove.

Mid the anguish that preys on the breast,
And the storms of mortality's state;
What shall lull the afflicted to rest,
But the joys that on sympathy wait?

What is fame, bidding envy defiance,
The idol and bané of mankind;
What is wit, what is learning, or science,
To the heart that is stedfast and kind?

E'en genius may weary the sight,
By too fierce and too constant a blaze;
But affection, mild planet of night!
Grows lov'lier the longer we gaze.

It shall thrive when the flattering forms,
That encircle creation, decay;
It shall live 'mid the wide-wasting storms,
That beat all undistinguish'd away.

When time, at the end of his race,
Shall expire with expiring mankind;
It shall stand on its permanent base;
It shall last till the wreck of the mind.

A POET AND A PATRON.

TO CARDINAL RICHLIEU, FROM THE FRENCH
OF MONS. MAYNARD.

SICK of a life, possess'd in vain,
I soon shall wait upon the ghost
Of our late Monarch, in whose reign,
None who had merit miss'd a post.

Then will I charm him with your name,
And all your glorious wonders done,
The pow'r of France...the Spaniards shame,
The rising honours of his son:

Grateful the royal shade will smile,
And dwell, delighted, on your name,
Sweetly appeas'd, his griefs beguile,
And drown old losses in new fame.

But when he asks me, in what *post*,
I did your wish'd commands obey,
And how I shar'd your favour most,
...What would you please to have me say?

Richlieu reading the last line answered
rien--nothing.

THE ROBIN RED-BREAST AND THE
CAT.

ONE morn, when snows bestrew'd the
ground,
And frost each pool in fetters bound,
A Robin pinch'd, thro' hungers power,
Made free t'approach a farmer's door,
Nor bolts, nor bars his entrance stop'd;
The door was open...in he hop'd...
He star'd around with vast surprise,
The scene was new to Robin's eyes.
He duck'd his head as who should say,
God bless you, folks ! this frosty day ;
Now bolder grown, he hopp'd around,
And pick'd the crumbs from off the ground,
His little crop soon fill'd with meat
Kind Jenny crumbled as he eat.

"Blest chance to lead me (Robin said)
To where I'm warm'd, to where I'm fed,
May ne'er mischance this house molest,
And may that kind be doubly blest,
May pains, and sickness cease t'intrude,"

Then chirp'd a song of gratitude.

Grimalkin heard the tempting air,
And sly crept from beneath a chair ;
He lick'd his whiskers, fixed his eyes,
And sprung upon his flutt'ring prize.

Ah me...ah me, what woes betide,
Spare...spare my life, poor Robin cry'd,
Shew mercy as thou'dst mercy find,
I ne'er harm'd Cat or Kitten kind.
Let *man's example* be thy guide.

Fool, *so it is*...the cat reply'd,
Look round, and thou shalt view each day,
Man making man his eager prey.
The helpless, harmless, rest assur'd,
Ne'er fail, like thee, to be devour'd.

Thus spoke the Cat, with visage grim,
Then tore the trembler limb from limb.

EWAN CLARK.

UNION OF E. AND J.

THUS to the orient fun'ral pyre,
Perfum'd, and deck'd in gay attire,
The victim fair is urg'd along,
Amidst the plaudits of the throng,
By custom doom'd, she yields her charms,
To her dead husband's putrid arms,
Aspiring flames involve the pair,
And Ganges flashes with the glare,
Shrill cymbals clang...loud shouts arise,
And she, in seeming triumph, dies.

FOREIGN LITERATURE.

REPORT OF THE PROCEEDINGS OF THE
CLASS OF HISTORY AND ANCIENT
LITERATURE OF THE FRENCH IN-
STITUTE, DELIVERED AT THE PUB-
LIC MEETING, ON THE 5TH OF JU-
LY, 1810, BY MONS. GINGUENE.

WE have to commence our report
with an extensive and elaborate
work by Mons. Larcher, the father
of the class, and one of the oldest
cultivators of Grecian literature in Eu-
rope, on the astronomical observations
said to be sent from Babylon to Aris-
totle, by Callisthenes. Mons. L. a-
vows, that astronomical observations
are of great antiquity ; and that there
are some, which incontestably date

BELFAST MAG. NO. XXXV.

from the era of Nabonassar, or 747
before Christ : but how far back must
we place the first ? The Babylo-
nians, according to Cicero, pretend-
ed they possessed some 470000 years
old : the Chaldeans, according to
Diodorus Siculus, had some 473000
years before the expedition of Alex-
ander ; and Jamblichus carries back
those of the Babylonians to 720000
years. But Cicero calls the Babylo-
nians vain, ignorant, and liars ; Dio-
dorus gives no credit to the Chaldeans,
whom he quotes ; and in Jamblichus
himself we have little faith. Simpli-
cius says, that Callisthenes, a pupil
of Aristotle, who accompanied Alex-

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